

It was much like sundried tomatoes. She would ground the tomatoes into a paste, place them on a wooden board, and then put them out to dry in the sun. I am not quite sure what she did with them, although I vaguely recall my mother telling me that Mrs. Soriano sold the paste to “the Americans.”

Their daughter Leora was the only person I remember. Soft spoken and very pretty, she seemed always to be present when we were playing in the yard.

Mauro Maranzano
Josephine DeNitzio

Evelyn (Evey) and Bennie were our best friends in the neighborhood. They lived across the street.

Eleanor
Joseph
Evelyn
Benjamin

Mr. Maranzano worked in the quarry, and every day he could be seen walking to work. The quarry was located in the Watchung Mountain range behind our neighborhood. We always knew when it was noon because the dynamite blasting was done at that time. I am not sure, but I think that was part of his job.

Mrs. Maranzano was a meticulous housekeeper. When she was done, she would relax on the rocking chair on the front porch and socialize with the kids.

Her mother lived with her. She was Mary DelNero DeNitzio whose father was one of the original settlers from Montazzoli. Her husband died when her children were very young and she was left to raise them on her own. She was always dressed in black--mourning forever.. She loved when the neighborhood kids visited her. She always had Hershey kisses to pass out. When she died, she was very old--at least it seemed that way to us.